

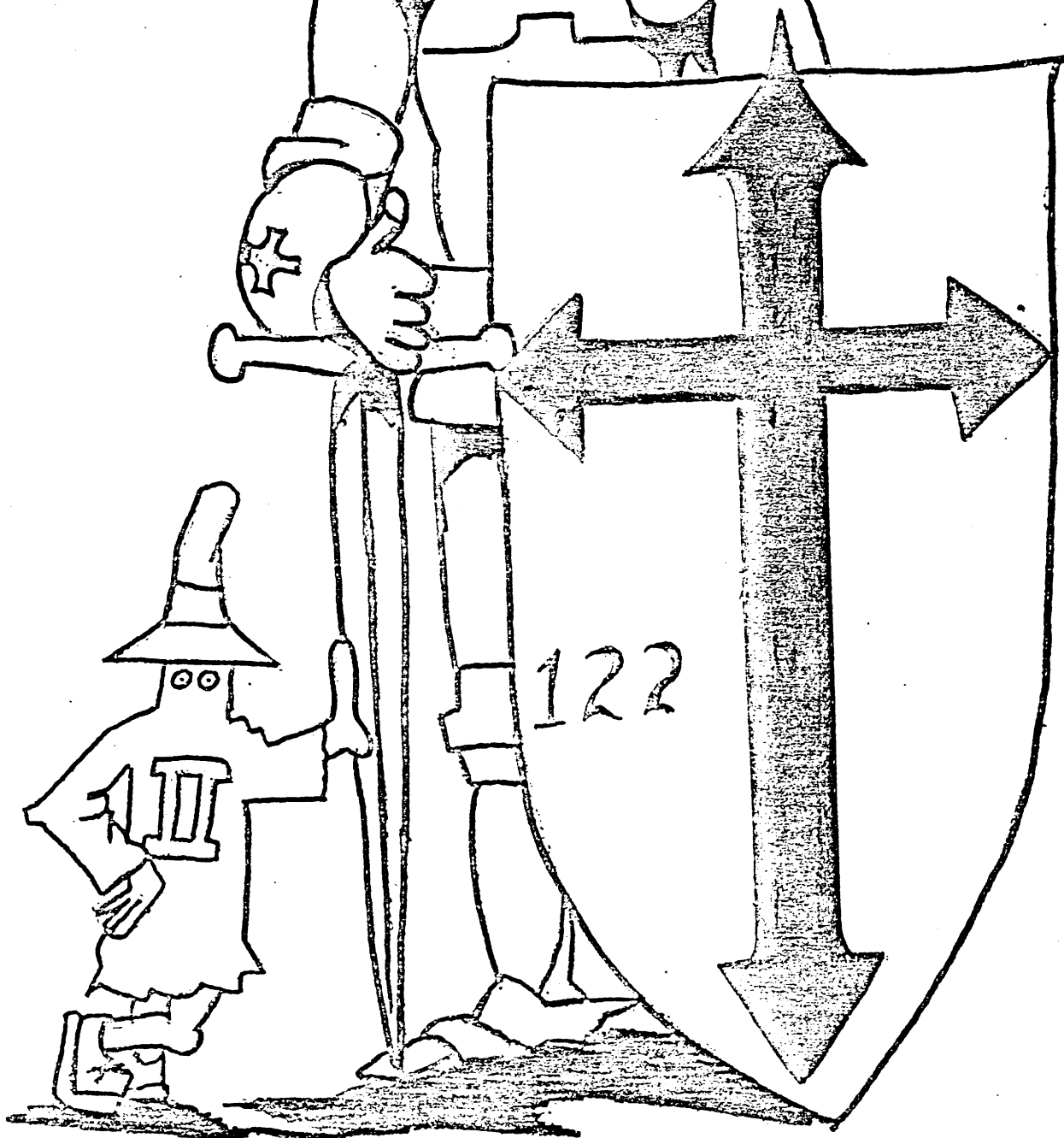
# THE CRUSADER

HYMNAL

VMFA-122

Da Nang

Jan 67-68



## The Crusader Hymnal

### THE CRUSADER'S FIGHT SONG (Tune: Green Beret)

CRUSADERS in the sky  
Charlie Cong prepare to die  
Rolling in with snake and nape  
God creates but we cremate

North of Khe Sanh we did go  
Then the FAC said from below  
Hit my smoke and you will find  
The NVA are in a bind

I came in at 1000 feet  
I saw them bastards beating feet  
But they couldn't run half as fast  
As my pipper was on their ass

They counted casualties til ten  
The final count was 1000 men  
No more they'll pillage, kill, and rape  
Cause we fried em with the Nape

### CRISPY CRITTERS!!

#### THE CRUSADERS HYMN

Written in the ready van by Dick Hess  
Lup Decastro, and Rosy Greer

They came screaming from the sun  
There was work to be done  
Their sturdy craft were manned by daring few  
With their swords raised on high  
And a challenge in their eye  
Twas the fearless crews of 122  
The troops there were waiting  
They're chances fading  
Their hopes of getting out were growing few  
Then a thunderous roar was heard  
Came a screaming silver bird  
Twas the fearless crews of 122  
The bombs came raining in  
Casting death upon the wind  
The enemy was finally subdued  
As the jets were pulling out  
You could hear the troopers shout  
It's the fearless crews of 122  
So let all you who hear  
In places far and near  
Sing praises of the gallant men who flew  
And as they scream into the sun  
With another job well done  
The FEARLESS CREWS OF 122

## The Crusade Hymnal

### THE DULGY

You take a leg from some old table  
You take a arm from some old chair  
You take a neck from some old bottle  
And from a horsesass you take a little hair  
Then you put them all together with a little spit and glue  
And I get more lovin from that god-damned  
dummy than I ever got from you  
\*\*\*\*\* Get out and walk

### MARY JANE BARNES

Mary Jane Barnes was the queen of all the acrobats  
She could do tricks that will give the fellows shifts  
She could shoot green peas out of her fundamental orifice  
Do a double-somersault and catch em on her tits  
She's a great big son-of-a-bitch twice as big as me  
She's got hair on her ass like branches on a tree  
She can run, fight, fart, fuck, fly a plane, and drive a truck  
There's the kind of girl that's gonna marry me

### MARY DASH TWO

I love to see Mary make water  
She can see such a beautiful stream  
She can see for a mile and a quarter  
And you can't see her ass for the steam

### I'M LOOKING UNDER

I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before  
First come the uncles and then come the knives  
Then come the pants and they stay in the breeze  
No one explaining the one remaining  
Is something we all adore  
I'm looking under a dress and wonder why I never looked before

### MRS MURPHY

Hang it in your ear Mrs. Murphy  
For it only weighs a quarter of a pound  
It's got hair around its neck like a turkey  
And it spits when you rub it up and down

Was IT YOU WHO DID THE PUSH'N

Was it you who did the push'n  
Put the stains upon the cush'n  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down?

Was it you whose sly wood pecker  
Got into my girl Ribbecca?  
If it w s, you'd better leav e this town

REPLY

Yes, It was I who did the push'n  
Put the stains upon the cush'n  
Foot prints on the dashboard upside down

Ever since I laid your daughter  
I've had trouble pass'n water  
Guess we'll call it even all around!

METHUSELUM—AN ANCIENT LOVE SONG

In days of old there lived a jade, who always did a roaring trade  
A prostitute of ill repute, the harlot of Jerusalem

CHORUS: All hail Methuselum, the harlot of Jerusalem  
All hail Methuselum, the daughter of the rabbi

Methuselum was a wily witch, a dirty whore, a son of a bitch  
And all the peters they did itch that dangled in Methuselum

CHORUS

Methuselum's hole was round and red, for forty years it had not bled  
It swelled just like it had been dead since the founding of Jerusalem

CHORUS

And then there lived a giant tall who with his wick could dust a wall  
He'd fornicated nearly all the harlots of Jerusalem

CHORUS

Then one day Methuselum took the giant to a shady nook  
And from his pants his peter took the pride of all Jerusalem

CHORUS

The son of a bitch was under-lung, he missed her cunt and hit her dung  
And sowed the seeds of many a son in the ass-hole of Methuselum

CHORUS

Methuselum always knew her part, she pucker up and let a fart  
And blew him like a bloody dart over the bells of Jerusalem

# The Crusader Hymnal

## YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi  
Who loves a fighter crew  
She runs the Hanoi Hilton  
She longs to welcome you  
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh  
He has a long goatee  
And if you greet him nicely  
He'll let you stay for free

### Chorus:

Her eyes are shaped like almonds  
And I'll give you a hunch  
Try not to meet her family  
Cause they're a nasty bunch  
Fish heads and rice for breakfast  
Fish heads and rice for tea  
As long as they don't catch us  
No fish and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom  
Or you may fly a Thud  
But if you fly to Hanoi  
Then list en to me, Bud  
You may talk of girls in Bangkok  
Or 'Trisco Bay' and such  
But the Yellow Rose of Hanoi  
Is just a bit too much

### Chorus

## THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL (Tune: California)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
The place is full of queers, navigators, bombardiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Of there are no Air Force pilots in the fray  
Oh there are no Air Force pilots in the fray  
They're all in USOs, wearing ribbons, fancy clothes  
And there are no Air Force pilots in the fray.

Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap  
Oh there are no Navy pilots in the scrap  
They're all in BQ's reading Nav Air News  
And there are no Navy pilots in the scrap.

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
They're all on foreign shores, making mothers out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states.

GIVE ME OPERATIONS

CHORUS:

Give me operations, way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die, I just wanta grow old.

Don't give me an old Shooting Star  
She flys like a Model-T car  
She flew i n Ko rea, ~~se~~ gives a diarrhea  
Don't give me an old Shooting Star

CHORUS

Don't give me an 86-D  
With rockets, radar, and AB  
She's fast, I don't care, she blows up in mid air  
Don't give me an 86-D

CHORUS

Don't give me a one double oh  
To drop bombs all over the foe  
She's trim and she's neat, but she's now obsolete  
Don't give me a one double oh

CHORUS

Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo  
There's nothing that she will not do  
She'll really pitch up, she'll make you throw up  
Don't give me McDonnell's Voodoo

CHORUS

Don't give me an F-105  
Cause I love being alive  
She's great for attack, she soads up more flak  
Don't give me an F-105

CHORUS

Don't give me an old F4D  
With a navigator flying with me  
Her diheōral's neat, but she's got a back seat  
Don't give me an old F4D

CHORUS

BYE BYE CHERRY

Oh, back her ass ag ainst the wall here I come balls and all,  
Bye bye cherry.  
Oh, she came once and I came twice, Holy jumping Jesus Christ,  
Cherry bye bye.

## The Crusader Hymnal

### MY RED HAVEN (Blue Heaven)

When evening draws nigh, and passion runs high  
I hurry to my red haven.  
A little red light, a turn to the right  
Will lead you to my red haven,  
You'll see a smiling face on a pillow case  
A smile devine  
Tororrow night she's some other guy's  
But tonit she's mine.  
Just Molly and me, there'll never be three.  
We're careful in my red haven.

### O'RILEY'S DAUGHTER

As I was sittin' in O'riley's bar  
Listening to the tales of blood and slaughter  
Came a thought into my mind  
Why not shag O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

Fiddley i ee, Fiddley i oo  
Fiddley i ee for the one ball Riley  
Rig a jig jig, balls and all  
Rub a dub dub snag on

I grabbed that she bitch by the ass  
Then I slung my left leg over  
Shagged and shagged and I shagged some more  
Shagged 'til all the fun was over

CHORUS:

Then came a knock upon the door  
And who should it be but her Goddammed father  
Two horse pistols by his side  
Lookin' for the guy who shagged his daughter

CHORUS:

I grabbed that bastard by the ass  
Shoved his head in a pail of water  
Rammed those pistols up his ass  
A dammed sight further than I shagged his daughter

CHORUS:

As I go walking down the street  
People shout from every corner  
There goes the God damned son of a bitch  
The guy who shagged O'Riley's daughter

CHORUS:

### RACING THROUGH THE REICH

Racing thru the Reich, in a black Mercedes Benz,  
Down the Autovan, on our way to France,  
Down thru Luxumbourg, all the way to Frague,  
When we get to Paris, France, we'll kick those dirty Groggs

OLD KATE

Now old Kate was a school marm, way out West  
Till she decided she liked fuckin' best  
Now she'd fuck 'em all, and fuck for keeps and pile her victims up in heaps  
Now, down from the mountains, from Half-Ass Creek came a blue-balled  
bastard name piss-pot Pete.  
Now ole' Pete had 40 pounds of swinging meat  
And when he stretched it out upon the bar, it stretched from thar to thar.  
(Hand movements)  
Now ole' Kate knew she'd met her fate, but to back out now was just  
too late.  
All the people went to the mountains to gain their seat  
to watch ole' Pete  
sink his meat  
Now Kate's broad ass lo'ed the ground for miles around,  
She tried shunts and fronts, and double shunts and tricks unknown to  
other cunts.  
Then she made one mistake, mind ye, just one.  
I'll never forget that God-awful day, when they nailed her tits to the  
shit-house door and pickled her ass  
in alcohol and set it in the city hall.  
No soap, this side of hell could get out that God-awful smell.

SNAKE SHIT

TI YI YIPPEE

Chorus: Ti Yi Yippee yippee yay, yippee yay  
Come a ti yi yippee yippee yay  
I jumped for the saddle, the saddle wasn't there  
So I rammed 8 inches up the old gray mare  
  
I went down to the cellar to get a glass of cider  
There sat a bedbug jacking off a spider  
  
I went upstairs to get a glass of gin  
There sat the bedbug jackin' off again  
  
I said look here jack this won't do  
So I sat down and jacked off too  
  
The last time I saw her and I haven't seen her since  
She was jackin' off a big one through a barbed wire fence  
  
The last time I seen her she was floating down the stream  
With her ass blowin' bubbles and her cunt a puffin' steam  
  
Well I laid her in the kitchen upon the floor  
And the wind from her ass blew the cat out the door  
I screwed her stand'n and I screwed her lying  
If she'd a had wings I'da screwed her flyin'

G O O D? L A D I E S (Would you believe - NIGHT)



The Crusaders Hymnal

THE SINGING TELEGRAM

Your son got killed today  
He bought the farm Ha Ha.  
He flew his F-4B right into Subic Bay  
While flying high and far  
On his horizon bar  
He went down spinning, turning descending, 'way too fast.  
Upon recovery, quite accidentally  
He had a rendezvous with a Friendly Sparrow III  
(pause) . . . . . FLY NAVY

Dedicat     to the USS RANGER

DON'T CRY LADY

Don't cry lady  
I'll buy your God-Dam     pencils  
Don't cry lady  
I'll buy your flowers     too  
Don't cry lady  
Take off those dark brown glasses  
Hello mother, I knew it was you

THE BLUE STAR  
(Tune: My Bonnie)

Take the blue star out of the window mother  
Replace it with one made of Gold  
Your son was a good BAR man  
He died in a whore house in Seoul, tough shit

Chorus:

Tough shit, tough shit  
He died in a whore house in Seiou, tough shit  
Tough shit, tough shit  
He died in a whore house in Seiou, tough shit

Take the blue star out of the window mother  
Replace it with a gold one instead  
Your son just got hit by a mortar  
It blew off his whole fucking head, tough shit

Chorus:

Take the blue star out of the window mother  
Replace it with one made of brass  
Your son was an F4B driver  
Who yesterday busted his ass, tough shit

Chorus:

Take the blue star out of the window mother  
Your son hasn't got any nerve  
He says he's defending his country  
But he's just a God-Damn reserve, tough shit

## TWELVE DAYS OF TET

On the first day of tet  
My Marine gave to me  
A hard job in a GV  
Second Day---Two brass batts  
Third Day---Three ugly Bams  
Fourth Day---Four blown tires  
Fifth Day---Five days in back  
Sixth Day--- Six days of duty  
Seventh Day--- Seven O'dark thirty's  
Eighth Day--- Eight smelly skivvies  
Ninth Day--- Nine gooks-a-gunning  
Tenth Day -- Ten TPQ 's  
Eleventh Day---Eleven ACM's  
Twelfth Day--- Twelve Drippy Dicks

## PLASTIC MARY

O'h, I don't care if it rains or freezes, long as I got my plastic Jesus,  
Sittin on the dash board of my car.

I don't care if the roads get hairy, long as I got my plastic Mary,  
Sittin on the dash board of my car.

You don't have to watch your behavior long as you got a suction Savior,  
Sittin on the dash board of your car.

## JESUS SAVES

Christ puts his money in the first national bank  
Christ puts his money in the first national bank  
Christ puts his money in the first national bank  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus save,.

Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool  
Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool  
Christ walks on water he's the life guard at our pool  
Jesus saves, Jesus saves, Jesus saves.

## BUTTERBEANS

Just a bowl of butterbeans  
Pass the cornbread if you please  
I don't want no colored greens  
All I want is a bowl of butterbeans.

To the Biggest Butter Bean of them all — JACK PROCTOR

# STRAFE THE TOWN (Tune: Wake The Town)

Strafe the town and kill the people, Its the only thing to do  
Set your gunsights residential, You'll get more kills if you do  
Drop the napalm in the schoolyard, see the children run and shout  
Note the mass hysteria, as they try to put it out

Drop your snakeyes in the temple, see the zippers in the blast  
Watch them trample one another as they try to save their ass  
Shoot your zunis at the sanpan, pull up quick to miss the fire  
BABY WON'T YOU LIGHT MY FIRE

# THE OCEANS AREN'T SAFE ANYMORE (He Flies Through The Air)

On they fly through the air with the greatest of ease  
Those darling young men in their A-4Es  
They scatter their bomb loads all over the seas  
And the oceans aren't safe anymore  
REFRAIN: The pilot peers through his bombsight  
And the bombs tumble down in a roar  
He says were on target tonight sir  
For I'm sure that's the earth down below

# OFF WE GO

Off we go into the wild blue yonder---CRA SH  
A nchors aweigh my boys---SPLA SH  
Over Hill, Over Dale, as we hit the Dusty Trail--- COUGH, COUGH COUGH  
From The Halls of Montezuma---TAKE MY PICTURE!!

# THE GROCERY STORE (Tune: John Brown's Body)

O' \_\_\_\_\_ used to own a grocery store  
He used to hang his meat upon the outside of the door  
A ll the little children coming home from school would shout  
Hey \_\_\_\_\_ your pork is hanging out

# THE TOAST

Here's to the \_\_\_\_\_, the \_\_\_\_\_, the \_\_\_\_\_,  
Heres to the \_\_\_\_\_, the Best of them all  
He eats it, he beats it, He often mistreats it,  
Oh here's to the \_\_\_\_\_ the best of them all

# SHAME ON YOU

Shame on you, Shame on you  
Y ou just said a dirty word  
Skipper's gonna get you  
Skipper's gonna get you  
Skipper's gonna have your ASS!

## DO YOUR BALLS HANG LOW

Tiddle winks young man, *get a girl* if you can  
If you can't get a girl get a clean old man  
From the lofty heights of *Malta* to the shores of old Gibraltar  
Can you do a double shuffle ith your balls in a can

Do yo ur balls hang low *do they swing to and fro*  
Can you tie 'em in a knot can you tie 'em in a bow  
Can you swing 'em o'er your shoulder like a european soldier  
Do your balls hang low

chorus

Do your balls hang tight, can you hide 'em in a figt  
Can you tuck 'em 'neath yo ur arm can you keep 'em out of harm  
Are they tough enough to buckle up another mans knuckle  
Do your balls hang tight

CHORUS

Do your balls hang loose as loose as a goose  
Can you slide 'em down the hall, can you bounce 'em off a wall  
Does it really make you stammer when you hit 'em with a hammer  
Do your balls hang loose

CHORUS

Do your balls hang down, way down to the ground  
Can you slide 'em on the ice can you crack 'em in a vice  
Does it make your breath come quick when you stick 'em with a pick  
Do your balls hang down

## THE GREAT FUCKING WHEEL

A sailor told me as he died  
I know not wheather the bastard lied  
He had a wife with teat so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

CHORUS: Arumph chugchug  
Arumph chug chug

He fastened himself a great fucking wheel  
Fastened it to a prick of steel  
Two balls of brass he filled with cream  
And the whole fucking issue was run by steam

CHORUS: arumph chug chug  
arumph chug chug

Around and around went that great fucking wheel  
In and out went that prick of steel  
Until at last the maiden cried ~~happy~~  
Tarry while I'm sat isfied

The Crusader Hymnal

Now this is the tale of the great orbit  
There was no method of stop in' it  
The maid was torn from twat to tit  
And the whole fucking issue went up in shit

HELLIE DARLING

(Red River Valley)

On your ass is like a stove pipe Nellie darling  
And the nipples on your tits are turning green  
There's a thousand knots abounding round your asshole  
Your're the ugliest fucking bitch I've ever seen

There's a yard of lint protruding from your navel  
When you piss you piss a stream as green as grass  
There's enough wax in your ears to make a candle  
So why not make one dear, and shove it up your ass.

SWEET ANGELINA

Way down in El Paso, where horse shit is deep  
And soldier boys wander while Mexicans sleep  
Lies sweet Angelina the girl I adore  
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

Chorus

Sweet Angelina, my Angelina  
My love for you will never die  
Sweet Angelina, my Angelina  
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

Chorus

She'll fuck you, she'll suck you  
She'll chew on your nuts  
And if your not careful she'll suck out your guts  
That sweet ~~Angelina~~ the girl I adore  
That rough fucking, cock sucking Mexican whore

THE PALE MOON

It's not the pale moon that excites me  
That thrills and delights me, oh no,  
It's your ass, It's your ass, It's your big fat ass!

## WINGS OF GOLD (Tune: Bye Bye Blackbird)

Wings of Gold, bars of brass  
 You can shove them up your ass  
 Bye Bye Navy  
 We don't give a shit for you  
 You've got a wife I'd like to screw  
 Bye Bye Navy

No one in this outfit understands me  
 Look at all the bull shit they all hand me  
 Wings of Gold, bars of brass  
 You can shove them up your ass  
 Navy Bye Bye

10 MILES FROM BAT LAKE  
 (Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey)

Ten miles from batlake  
 All covered with flack  
 I lost my poor wingman  
 He'll never come back

Now flying's a pleasure  
 But crashing is grief  
 For a quick-triggered commie  
 Is worse than a thief

A thief will just rob you  
 And take what you have  
 But a quick-triggered commie  
 Will lead you to the grave

The grave will decay you  
 And turn you to dust  
 Not one MIG in a thousand  
 A Phantom can trust

They'll chase you and kill you  
 And feed out more lead  
 Than cross ties on a railroad  
 Or MIGs overhead

For the planes they will splatter  
 And the pilots will die  
 You'll stay in I Corps  
 And never more fly

The moral of this story  
 Can plainly be seen  
 Stay east of Ol' Diego  
 Be a stateside Marine

# THE WOOD PECKER SONG

(Tune: Dixie)

I stuck my finger in the wood pecker hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."  
Take it out, take it out, take it out, Remove it.

I took my finger from the wood pecker's hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn you soul."  
Put it back, put it back, put it back, replace it.

I replaced my finger in the wood pecker's hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."  
Turn it around, turn it around, turn it around, revolve it.

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."  
The other way, the other way, the other way, Reverse it.

I reversed my finger in the wood pecker's hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."  
Take it out, take it out, take it out. Remove it.

I removed my finger from the wood pecker's hole  
And the wood pecker said, "God damn your soul."  
Take a whiff, take a whiff, take a whiff. Revolting.

## VIRGIN STURGEON! (Rueben, Rueben, I've Been Thinking)

Caviar comes from the virgin sturgeon  
The virgin's a very fine fish.  
Virgin sturgeon need no urgin'.  
That's why caviar is my dish.

I fed caviar to my girl friend  
She was a virgin tried and true  
Now my girl friend needs no urgin'  
There ain't nothing she won't do.

I fed caviar to my Grandpa  
He was a man of ninety three  
Screams and shrieks were heard from Grandma  
He had chased her up a tree.

Fed some caviar to my Grandma  
She came down out of that tree  
Then my Grandma and Grnadpa  
Started to raise a family

I fed some caviar to my rooster  
I fed some caviar to my cow  
Now the barnyard sure looks funny  
All the cows have feathers now.

## HINKY DI

Up in Vietnam midst high rocks and heat  
The poor Viet Cong are feeling quite beat.  
For as the 'Saders roar by overhead,  
He knows that his buddies all soon will be dead.  
Hinky di, hinky dinky di, hinky di, dinky dinky di,  
(Repeat last line of verse.)

Ho Chi went way up to hot old Phu Bai  
His prize Commie Army in action to spy.  
He got there a half hour after the U. S.  
And all that he found was their hats, ass and shoes.  
Chorus:

Uncle Ho Chi, your stooges have found  
It just doesn't pay to invade foreign ground  
For when they disturbed the serene morning calm  
They brought on the rockets, the bombs and napalm.  
Chorus:

We fought at DaNang and at Chu Lai too.  
At The Sahn and Ben Hai and Citadel "U"  
So here's to our pilots and here's to our crew  
The target, the snake, and the blue P phantom Two.  
Chorus:

## A POOR AVIATOR LAY DYING (Tune: My Bonnie)

A poor aviator lay dying  
At the end of a cold winter day  
His comrades had gathered around him  
To carry his fragments away.

The airplane was piled on his breathbone  
The Hamilton was wrapped 'round his head  
He wore a sparkplug on each elbow  
Twas plain he would shortly be dead

He spit out a valve and a gasket  
And stirred in the sump where he lay  
To mechanics who 'round him came sighing  
These brave parting words did he say:

Take the magneto out of my stomach  
And the butterfly valve off my neck  
Extract from my liver the crankshaft  
There's lots of good parts in this wreck.

Take the manifold out of my larynx  
And the cylinders out of my brain  
Take the piston rods out of my kidneys  
And assemble the engine again.



CUTS AND GUTS (Tune: My Bonnie)

Navy pilots fly off the big ones  
Air Force pilots aren't seen over the seas  
But we're in the God damned Marine Corps  
So we get these damn CVE's

CHORUS:

Cuts and guts, cuts and guts  
The guys that made carriers are nut, are nuts  
Cuts and guts, cuts and guts  
The guys that fly off them are nuts.

CHORUS

The Midway has thousand-foot runways  
The Leyte eight hundred and ten  
But we'd not have much of a carrier  
With two of ours tied end to end.

CHORUS

Our carrier's named after an island  
An atoll that's called Sicily  
If it's size is the same as our carrier  
That bastard is under the sea.

CHORUS

Our ISO's never give rogers  
We don't even know they can see  
They say as we crash through the barrier  
"He was O. K. when he went by Me."

CHORUS

Our catapult shots are quite hairy  
Our catapult shots are quite hairy  
Our catapult gear is red hot  
It never goes off when You're ready  
And always goes off when You're not.

CHORUS

We envy the boys on the big ones  
We'd trade in a minute or two  
'Cause we'd like to see those poor bastards  
Try doing the things that we do.

CHORUS

Someday when this fracas is over  
And back at El Toro we'll be  
We'll load up with rockets and napalm  
And sink all these damn CVE's.

I JUST GOT ANOTHER WAVE-OFF (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

I have seen slow-dip and a come-on in the groove  
I have had a high and fast, but what's it gonna prove?  
The ISO will kill me yet but what you gonna do?  
I'll make the bastard jump into the net.

CHORUS

I just got another wave-off, I just got another wave-off,  
I just got another wave-off, but I make the bastard jump into the net

If the ship is on my wing he says I'm too wide a beam  
If he waves me off again, I'm ready and I'm set  
I'll make the bastard jump into the net.

## I WANTED WINGS

I wanted wings 'til I got the God damn things  
Now I don't want them anymore  
They taught me to fly, and they sent me here to die  
I've had my belly full of war  
You can leave all those rail cuts, for guys who're off their nuts  
Distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses  
I wanted wings 'til I got the God damned things  
Now I don't want them anymore

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames  
I've no desire to be burned  
Why is combat called romance it only made me shit in my pants  
I'm not a fighter I have learned  
To hell with all the commie flak, I plan on gettin my ass back  
I would rather lay a dollie than get shot up in mig alley  
I wanted wings 'til I got the God damned things  
Now I don't want them anymore

## TONS AND TONS OF AVIATION GASOLINE (Battle Hymn of the Republic)

On the \_\_\_\_\_ flies at forty thousand feet  
On the \_\_\_\_\_ flies at forty thousand feet  
On the \_\_\_\_\_ flies at forty thousand feet  
But it only drops a "Teebst weebst utst butst bomb"  
CHORUS

Tons and tons of aviation gasoline  
Tons and tons of aviation gasoline  
Tons and tons of aviation gasoline  
But it only drops a "Teensy weensy bomb"

On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet  
On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet  
On the c-130 flies at ten thousand feet  
And it doesn't drop a God-Damn thing  
CHORUS

## CHOSIN RESERVOIR (Ramblin' Wreck From Georgia tech)

Listen all you flyers I'll tell you one and all  
About an eager pilot with much less brains than gall  
He flew a weary Corsair int the North Korean War  
He made his fatal last mistake at the Chosin Reservior  
He took off out of Taonsan, flew north to Sudong-ni  
Then shot a loaded Or-cart on the road to Koto-ni  
He charred his guns and looked around for something else to do  
He thought he'd find some targets on the plains of Haguru  
Then a self-propelled gun in open view he saw  
Along a slight embankment at the bottom of a draw  
With such an easy target he didn't stop to think  
It might just be a flak trap of the wily Commie Chink  
So eagerly he dove in so deadly was his aim  
He knew he'd get his target and the commies felt the same  
They got him with the first shot he never felt the jar  
He now lies on the bottom of the Chosin Reservoir

WE'RE HAVING A FLOORSHOW  
(Tune: We're Having a Heat Wave)

There's a frown on my face, cause I hate this fuching place,  
Why It's almost like being in holl,  
From the way it appears, I've been here for a thousnad years,  
Why it's almost like biting in hell.  
Now there isn's any money in the Group,  
Cause the planes that we fly have no poop,  
But here's a happy note, as they cram it down your throat,  
We're having a floorshow, another God Damned floorshow,  
We're having a floorshow Friday night(so wear your blazer),  
We're having a floorshow tonight.

WE'RE GONNA' BUILD A BAR

We're gonna' tear down the bar in our town-----BOO  
We're gonna' build a new bar -----RAY  
But only one bar-----BOO  
Three miles long-----RAY  
There'll be no bar tenders in our bar-----BOO  
We're gonna' have bar maids-----RAY  
But our bar maids are gonna' wear clothes-----BOO  
Made of cellophane-----RAY  
Beer's gonna' be fifty cents a glass-----BOO  
Whiskey's free-----RAY  
Only one to a customer-----BOO  
Serverd in buckets-----RAY  
But the buckets have a hole in them-----BOO  
The holes are in the top-----RAY  
We're gonna' throw all the beer in the river-----BOO  
Then we'll all go swimming-----RAY  
No girls allowed above the first floor-----BOO  
With their clothes on-----RAY  
You can't take our bar maids Home-----BOO  
They'll take you Home-----RAY  
You can't slip with our bar maids-----BOO  
They won't let you sleep-----RAY  
There'll be on lovin' on the dancin' floor-----BOO  
There'll be on dancin' on the Lovin' floor-----RAY  
Parties make the world go 'round.

DON'T KICK MY MADDOG AROUND

Every time I go to town, the fellers kick my dog around  
Makes no difference id he is a hound, shounon't outha kick my dog around  
CHORUS

Wal' me and Luke and Bill and Ted went to town to get some bread  
While we were peerin' in the shop, old Mary got a big old chop  
Every time I go to town, the girls all gather all around,  
Makes no difference if I am a hound,  
these girls keep gathering all around

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE BULLET THAT HAS YOUR NAME ON IT -----  
IT'S THOSE THAT HAVE "TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN" OF THEM THAT YOU  
SHOULD WORRY ABOUT\*\* SAYS MY PAPPY... maddog!!

## The Crusader Hymnal

### WHY DO THE DRUMS

CHORUS

Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy  
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy  
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy  
Why do the drums go boom-de-boom, diddy

W-E-L-L, I took my little girl up to Mailla  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked my bombs astray  
She's a fucking mother fucker but I love her so  
She's my little girl from 'longapo

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,

Took my little girl to get a job  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the corn off the cob

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,

Took my little girl to see the Preacher  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the church off the steeple

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,

Took my little girl to swim at the beach  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the scales off the fish

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,

Took my little girl to hear the band  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked the band off the stand

CHORUS:

W-E-L-L,

Took my little girl to Larry's Lair  
But the fuck from her drawers knocked Larry off his chair

### THE SAVIOR OF MEHECNICO

My name is Pancho Villa, and I drive a Karman Gieha.  
I've got the gonmoreha, I got it from Lucien

She gave it to me free-aah  
give me my boots and my saddle  
and i will fuck all the cattle  
give me my pills and my water  
i screwed the wrong Spainerds daughter.

### ASHAU VALLEY

Oh! Who'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley.  
REPLY: I'll carry the mail through the Ashau Valley.  
But there's lions in the Ashau Valley.

REPLY: Fuck the lions.

You'd fuck a lion.

REPLY: I'd fuck a lions mother.

YOU LION FOUTER FUCKER!!

TURN THE FUCKING PAGE YOU DUMB SHIT

The Crusader's Hymn

The Ashau Valley (Cont.)

But thier's Indians in the Ashau Valley.

Fuck the Indians,

Reply: You,ed fuck an Indian,

I'ed fuck an Eskimo.

Reply: You cool mother-fucker.

THE IRISHMAN'S HYMN

Oh! You've got to be nimble.

You've got to be quick.

To watch an Irishman handle his prick.

It's as long as his arm and as thick as your wrist,  
And a knob on the end as thick as your fist...

A GATHERING OF THE CLANSMAN.....

TWAS A GATHERIN' O' THE CLANSMEN, AND ALL THE LADS WERE THERE  
A FEELIN' OF THE LASSIES AMONG THE PUBIC HAIRS

CHORUS:

SINGIN' A HOW DO YOU LAST NIGHT, HOW DO YA' NOO  
THE LAD THAT HAD YA' LAST NIGHT, HE'S CANNA' HAVE YE NOO

THE PA RSON'S DAUGHTER SHE WAS THERE, A SITTIN' DOWN IN FRONT  
A WREATH OF ROSES IN HER HAIR, AND A CARROT UP HER CUNT  
CHORUS:

THE PARSON'S WIFE SHE WAS THERE, HER ASS AGAINST THE WALL  
A SHOUTIN' TO THE LADDIES, COME YE ONE AND ALL  
CHORUS:

THE BRIDE WAS IN THE KITCHEN, EXPLAINING TO THE GROOM  
THE VAGINA, NOW THE KITCHEN IS THE ENTRANCE TO THE WOMB  
CHORUS:

THE QUEEN WAS IN THE PARLOR, COUNTING OUT HER WEALTH  
THE KING WAS IN THE BEDROOM PLAYING WITH HIMSELF  
CHORUS:

THE VILLAGE IDIOT HE WAS THERE, A SITTIN' BY THE FIRE  
ATTEMPTING MASTURBATION WITH AN INDIAN RUBBER TREE  
CHORUS:

THE FAT OLD COOK SHE WAS THERE, GIVIN' US THE SHITS  
A LEANING OF THE MENTAL FORCE AND BOUNCING OFF HER TITS  
CHORUS:

THE VILLAGE "LANNY" HE WAS THERE, SITTING ON A POLE  
HE PULLED HIS BOOTS OVER HIS HEAD, AND WHISTLED THROUGH THE HOLE  
CHORUS:

THERE WAS FUCKIN' IN THE PARLOR, FUCKIN' IN THE BEDS  
AND YOU COULDA' HEAR THE MUSIC FOR THE SMASHING OF THE PRICKS  
CHORUS:

NOW THE PARTY'S OVER. THEY'RE ALL BOWED OVER TO REST  
THEY SAID THEY LIKED THE MUSIC, BUT THEY LIKED THE FUCKING BEST  
CHORUS:

OLD NUMBER NINE

That a dark and stormy night, not a star was there in sight  
And the Corsairs were tied down to the line  
When in shit up to his ear, stood a lonely volunteer  
With his orders to fly old number nine

Well his ass was racked with pain as he climbed into that plane  
And his bung-hole was puckered fit to tie  
And he offered up a prayer as he climbed into the air  
For he knew that it was his night to die

As he flew over Hagaru he could a school or two  
See the women and the children very well  
But how was he to know that he'd fly so God-Damn low  
That his bomb blast would blow his ass to hell

In the wreckage he was found with his guts all over the ground  
And the crunchies came and raised his weary head  
With his poor life almost spent, here's the message that he sent  
To his buddies so sad to see him dead

I used an eight to ten delay but it didn't work out that way  
And with out a tail an F4b won't fly  
Tell the shipper for me that he now has twenty-three  
You can roll up the ladder, Semper Fi

EARLY ABORT

(Tune: Mac Namara's Band)

Oh, my name is (NAME), I'm the leader of the group  
You can step into my ready-room, and I'll give you all the poop  
I'll tell you where the targets are, and where the flack is black  
I'll be the last one off the deck, and the first one back  
CHORUS:

Early abort, avoid the rush, early abort, avoid the rush  
Early abort, avoid the rush, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade  
Parade, Parade, oh the raggedy-ass Marines are on parade

Oh, I fly the F4B, and people say it's great  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, those swept wings just don't rate  
I was born to be a fighter jock, to grapple in the blue  
But when it comes to fighting MIG's, I'll tell you what I'll do  
CHORUS:

And then I'm sure you know of our leaders in the Wing  
Any night in the O'Club you can hear how well they sing  
With words they fight a belluva war, they say they will go too  
But just you give them half a chance, and here's what they will do  
CHORUS:

THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN

There was a friar of great renown  
There was a friar of great renown  
There was a friar of great renown  
And he fucked a girl from out of town  
Fucked a girl from out of town

CHORUS:

Ha - Ha - Ha, Ho - Ho - Ho, H-o-r-s-e S-h-i-t !!  
That rotten ole COCK SUCKER!!  
That dirty ole SCH- OF- A- BITCH!!  
FUCK HIM!!!

He laid her on a downey bed  
He laid her on a downey bed  
He laid her on a downey bed  
And - Then - He busted up her maiden head  
Busted up her maiden head

CHORUS:

He laid her on the dewy grass  
He laid her on the dewy grass  
He laid her on the dewy grass  
And - Then - He shoved his penis up her ass  
Shoved his penis up her ass

CHORUS:

She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."  
She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."  
She said "kind Sir please cease and quit."  
So He bit her on her rosy teat.  
Bit her on her rosy teat.

CHORUS:

He laid her on an old Oak stump  
He laid her on an old Oak stump  
He laid her on an old Oak stump  
And - Then - He missed her ass and hit the stump  
Missed her ass and hit the stump

CHORUS:

They buried her on Chestnut Street  
They buried her on Chestnut Street  
They buried her on Chestnut Street  
So he sat on her grave and beat his meat  
Sat on her grave and beat his meat.

CHORUS:

He laid her on the burial ground  
He laid her on the burial ground  
He laid her on the burial ground  
And - Then - He thought he'd go another round  
Thought he'd go another round

THE FRIAR OF GREAT RENOWN (Con't.)

We found her on the cold, cold ground  
We found her on the cold, cold ground  
We found her on the cold, cold ground  
And - Then - We ran the bastard out of town  
Ran the bastard out of town

CHORUS:

BIG BALLS

There was a man, Sir Anthony Clair, A nobleman beyond compare  
And he was famous everywhere as a man who could play with his balls

CHORUS:

For they were big balls, big and heavy as lead  
With a flick and a twist of his muscular wrist  
He could throw them right over his head

As he was walking down the street, A fair young maid he chanced to meet  
Who tho't twould be a helluva treat to watch a man play with his balls

CHORUS:

As he was twirling em round and round  
Down they came with a hell of a bound,  
Right on the head of his faithful hound  
Who was watching him play with his balls

CHORUS:

They hauled him in 'fore the magistrate  
Who put him in a cell of sta te  
And left him there to cogitate  
And play with his beautiful balls

CHORUS:

His trial was held without delay  
In fact 'twas that very same day  
The magistrate said I see no reason why  
A man can't play with his balls

CHORUS:

YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS

Aye, Aye, Aye-Aye your mother swims after troop ships  
So lets hear another verse that's worse than the other verse  
And waltz me around by my willie

There once was a hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit I'm a bit of a shit  
But look at the money I save



YOUR FORTIFED SPICES AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't)

There once was a girl from the west  
Who sucked off all men with great zest  
With voluptuous howls  
She'd suck out their bowels  
And spit shit all over their chests

There was a young lady named Alice  
Who used dynamite stickes for a phallus  
They found her vagina  
In South Carolina  
And her ass-hole just out side of Dallas

There once was a fairy named Bloom  
Who took a lesbian up to his room  
They argued all night; as to who had the right  
To do what and with which and to whom

There were three monks from Paree  
Who went out in the garden to pee  
Ch. basbomb cum piscum why doesn't the poss come  
It must be the C.L.A.P.

There once was a man from Winock  
Who played the bass viol by cock  
With tremendous erections, He beat out selections  
By Johann Sebastian Bach

There once was a man from South Boston  
Who bought his self a new Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost them

There once was a young man named Clyde  
Who fell in a cut-house and died  
Kikewise his brother' who fell in another  
And now they're interred side by side

There was a young man from Dakota  
Who wouldn't pay a whore what he owed her  
So with great savicr favre' she climbed on a chair  
And pissed in his whiskey and soda

There was a young man from Kent  
Whose prick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble he stuck it in double  
And in stead of coming he vent

There once was a lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back and tickled her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling

## The Crusader Hymnal

### YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't.)

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who duggered a wape in a tree  
The results were most horrid, All ass and no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goutee

There was a young lady from Decater  
Who was screwed by a big alligator  
Now nobody knew the results of the screw  
cause after he laid her he ate her

There was a young lady from Cibraltar  
Who accidentally fell in the water  
By howls and her swucals, you could tell that the oels  
Had found her sexual quarters

There once was a pirate named Gates  
Who thought he could rhuba on skates  
He fell on his cutlass, and now he is nutless  
And practically useless on dates

There was a young man from St. Claire  
Who was screwing his girl on the stair  
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke  
And posished her off in mid-air

There was a young man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat from his dick turned the clay into brick  
And chafed all his foreskin away

There was a young man named Glass  
Whose balls were made out of brass  
When he clanged them together they played stormy weather  
And lightening shot out of his ass

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was quite renown as a farta  
He could fart anything from God save the King  
To Beethoven's moonlight sonata

There was a young man from Racine  
Who invented a fucking machine  
Concave or convex, it could screw either sex  
But oh what a bastard to clean

On the brest of a quail named Gail  
Was tatooed the price of her tail  
And on her behind for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in Braille

There once was a man named Mcgruder  
Who knew a girl from Bermuda  
This girl was shrewd and woo'd in the nude  
But Mcgruder was shrewder and screwed her

YOUR MOTHER SWIMS AFTER TROOP SHIPS (Con't.)

There once was a young gal from the Azores  
Whose snatch was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street loved to snap at the green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers

There once was a young lady named Easter  
Who said to the man as he undressed her  
If you don't mind use the hole behind  
The front one's beginning to fester

There are many other verses to this quaint ballad, but we have to draw  
a line somewhere — besides I can do anything I want to do.. j.p.

SEVEN OLD LADIES LOCKED IN THE LAVET'RY

Introduction and Chorus:

Oh dear what can the matter be  
Seven ol ladies licked in the lavat'ry  
They were there from Monday till Saturday  
But nobody knew they were there

The first to come in was old Mrs. Flynn  
She prided herself on being so thin  
But when she sat down the poor dear fell in  
And nobody knew she was there

The next to come in was old Mrs. Bender  
She came in to fix up a broken suspender  
It snapped and injured her feminine gender  
And nobody knew she was there

The third to come in was old Mrs. Humphry  
Who when she sat down she found it quite comfy  
When she tried to get up she could not get her rump free  
And nobody knew she was there

The fourth to come in was old Mrs. Brewster  
She couldn't see as well as she use to  
She sat on the handle and swore someone goosed her  
And nobody knew she was there

The next to go in was old Mrs. Slaughter  
She was the Duke of Effingham's daughter  
She went there to pass off superfluous water  
And nobody knew she was there.

The sixth to go in was old Mrs. Murray  
Who had to go in a hell of a hurry  
But when she got there it was too late to worry  
And nobody knew she was there.

The last to go in was old Mrs. Sickle  
She hurdled the door cause she hadn't a nickle  
Caught her foot in the bowl: What a hell of a pickle  
And nobody knew she was there